



You may write to me:

Echoey

Brian
120 Widdicombe Hill Blvd #1606
Etobicoke, Ont.
M9R 4A6
CANADA

...these ideas are mine...



Echoey

trade or
\$2.

Brian
Jan 97

Sun sets.

Baby goes to bed with his blanket of dr
Baby drifts away in the big castle tower

Mommy
Mommy

Goodnight little baby cradled in sleep!
Goodnight little boy limp on the pillow...

Sleep tight
Sleep tight

"Et moi aussi, je me suis senti prêt à tout
revivre. Comme si cette grande colère m'avait
purgé du mal, vidé d'espoir, devant cette nuit
chargée de signes et d'étoiles, je m'ouvrais
pour la première fois à la tendre indifférence
du monde.



De l'éprouver si pareil à moi, si fraternel
enfin, j'ai senti que j'avais été heureux,
et que je l'étais encore. Pour que tous
soient consommés, pour que je sente
moins seul, il me restait à souhaiter
qu'il y ait beaucoup de spectateurs le
jour de mon exécution et qu'ils
m'accueillent avec des cris de haine."

— L'étranger — Albert
Camus

through the laughs and through the smiles. And in the washroom she checks her face for cuts or bruises. No. Nothing. Not one blemish. She looks at her face and feels she sees her true self this time. She speaks and her thin voice echoes off the sterile floor,

"I'm only here to learn and nothing else matters."

Tomorrow, and for many years more, she will wear the drab gray dress that lay abandoned in her room.



reams

er

and daddy have only their baby
and daddy's fortunes have soured

mom and dad who nod off to a drink!
mom and dad full of rum and misfortune...



When he was born. ☾



The scales were balanced under the seventh sign
the day the war had been calmed and snuffed.
~~The the~~ Though the birth out of pain was
being born into the same the sun and the
moons had come together!

the school driveway and rolls by a group of giggling girls, all wearing pink dresses and shiny black shoes. 'Just like me' thinks the little girl with a smile. She finds it so nice that the kids here all seem to be united, all friends with each other, all on the same team. A team which, for the last couple of months, she so longed to be a part of.

"Now honey, remember what I told you. You're here to learn and nothing else. Is that clear? Nothing else matters, remember that."

"Yeah mum. I know. I love you, bye!"

She slips out into the yard and walks cautiously across it. She smiles slightly and walks on as she feels the other children's eyes turn toward her... and they smile back. They smile back! Her heart skips a beat and her spirit rises. Slowly, slowly she goes, with a nice steady step and a shine in her eyes. And just as her stride becomes a little more stable, just as her smile becomes a little more real she feels the little rocks pelt the back of her neck.

"Gasp!" She turns around.

The cute little kids are still smiling. But laughing too now. "Noooo..." It's started again and the rocks strike her face as she falls to her knees. The little girl gets up and turns her head, just in time to see her mother's car disappear in the distance. But she doesn't run. She doesn't cry. She walks, shaking to the little girls' room,

I hope you like the caricatures. Bloodboil is fragments of the things that piss me off. Pretty dress & just came to me yesterday because I needed to write another story to fill some pages. Finally, this zine was first named after Cradlebaby but I needed a title that would encompass this thing as a whole. So instead I named it ECHOEY... after the ~~for~~ thoughts in my head. Well, I put my heart into this so its ~~got~~ to be good enough. I hope, however, that next issue WILL BE BETTER.

- July 15, 1997.

Pretty Dress

The little girl in the pretty pink dress slips on her brandname shoes with a new sparkle in her eyes. She slips on her backpack and shouts 'down the hall, "Mommy, I'm ready for school now! Can we go?"

"But honey its still early... Oh! Your wearing that new dress grandma bought you. You look so pretty in it!"

The girl beams with excitement. As they go into the car she checks her reflection in the glass ...and is pleased with what she sees. Today. The car heads for the lights and passes a row of maple trees, so neatly planted, so neatly arranged. The grass seems a little healthier and the litter on the streets seems insignificant under the ocean coloured sky. The little girl hopes... hopes that this time...

The shiny little car pulls into





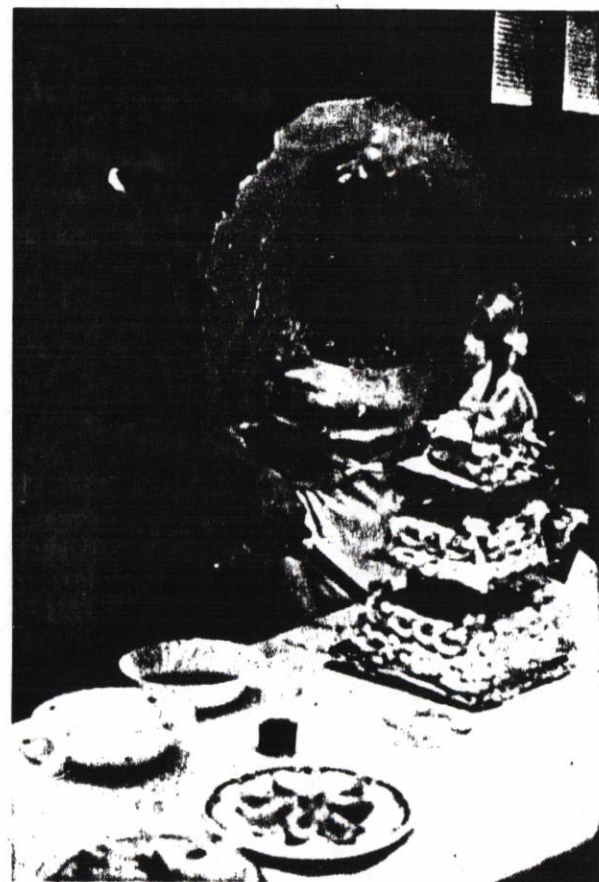
His playground was the cradle and the playground as well. Sleep always followed waking and waking always followed sleep. And cradle baby would learn that he could follow all of his dreams.



I could almost hear their thoughts: 'Look at me! Look at me! I'm one of the beautiful ones!' When it came for energy + support they just stood there apathetically and pathetically. (I hear from a friend that the band commented on this in a newspaper article). There were, however, some fans who wanted to have a good time. One diehard fan accidentally struck me in the face with his head because he was dancing 'with excitement'. Anyway, the band got tired of the shit pretty soon and ended after less than an hour. By the way, thanks you Elliot from Universal who let us in for free ... the scalpers showed us no mercy.

When I started this zine, I had a whole bunch of thoughts to say but now I can hardly think of them. I just hope that people will be able to pick this up somewhere so that these few thoughts can be communicated. Today is the 15th so hopefully I can finish the next few pages fairly soon and get this photo copied. I hope this turns out O.K. Then I can walk down Queen and see if this would be carried any place. I've been reading these past few pages + this doesn't seem the same as it felt when I was doing them. Cradlebaby started off with a different plot but I felt it would be too abrupt for the first issue. So, I abandoned it altogether and now he's all grown up. At the time, I felt more comfortable drawing my thoughts + leaving spaces for the words to come later. The words themselves are few and sort of weird too.

I think that was the plan. Some are bits of poems taken apart because I felt they weren't good enough to stand alone. On the first page, the "castle tower" is actually a drawing of the Notre Dame in France. And the angel of stone isn't structured properly so it really would fall apart. That's O.K. It wasn't meant to be real. When it was done, I felt it was a nice introduction, with him all grown up and ready to live. WHAT WILL BECOME OF HIM? The reviews are of concerts + bands that I felt like writing about.



even get a peek at the opening band. The concert was an O.K. one but I really did have a good time. The crowd was very nice and polite except for one bitch who gave me attitude on the way out. Most of the songs played were off the recent album, "Blur", which I didn't have so I was really lost a lot of the time. But Damon's energy made it fun to watch and Alex had his trademark cigarette hanging from his lips the whole performance. What made everything memorable for me was during the encore. I was very near the front, standing on my toes for the best possible view, soaked in sweat and crammed in with fellow fans. And then, I heard the opening to... "The Universal"!

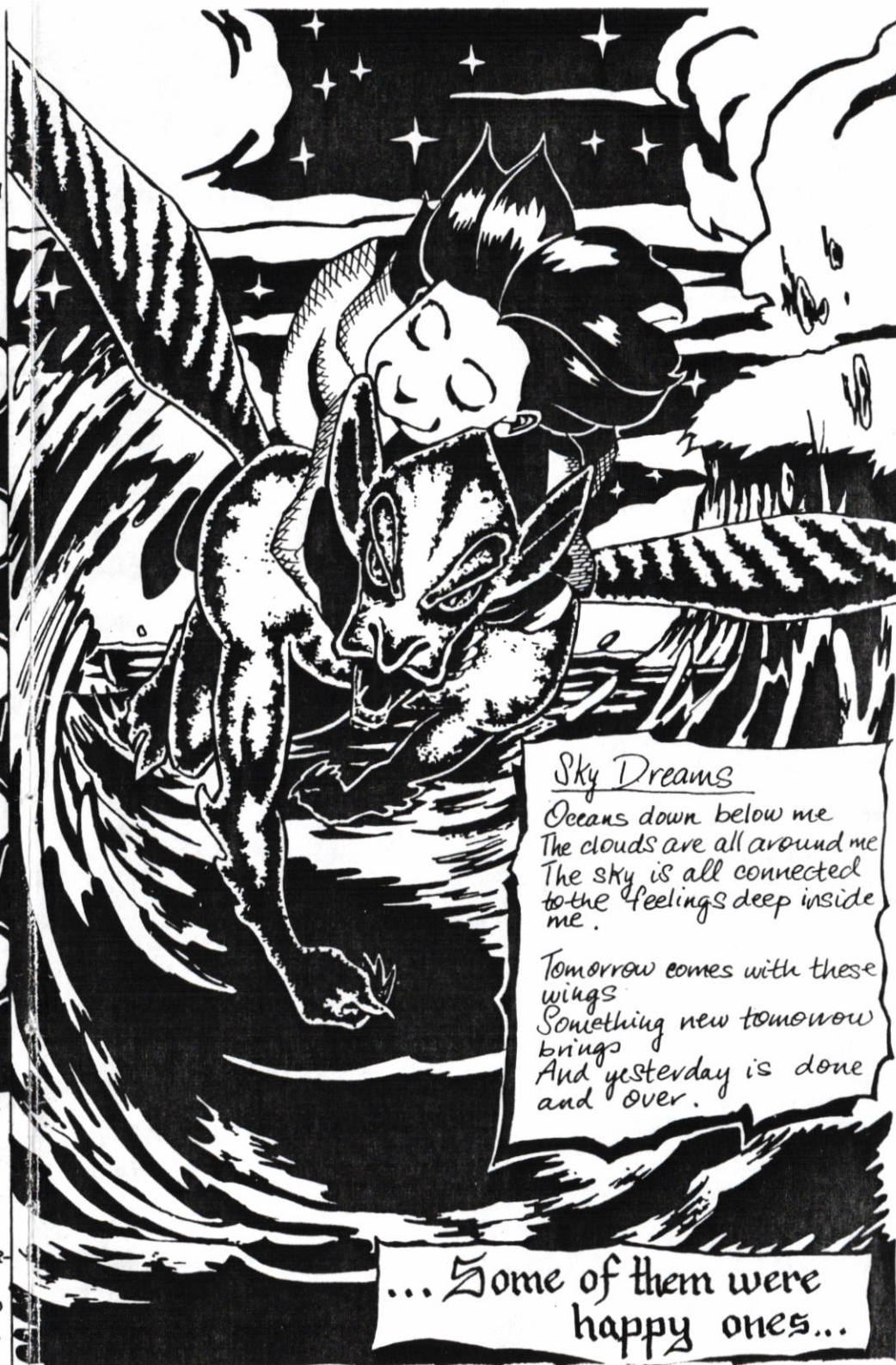
and I felt my energy rise!

Such a great song. Not only that but soon would come the perfect ending to the concert. After a moment for the band to collect themselves, I saw Damon nod his head to the others, as if to say

'Yes this crowd has shown enough support. Let us reward them by playing "sing"!'. And so they did. At coat check, I heard a boy with a nice british accent say that it was the best concert because he adored each + every one of those songs.

In May, **SUEDE** was here. The day before the concert, I had gone down to MuchMusic to see them on the Wedge but they only let in 25 people, give or take. The girl right

in front of me (whom I had been conversing with) tried to get me a ticket to enter... but. I didn't get one. The squat, tattoo-fleshed worker who was handing them but was an awful jerk! He told everyone without tickets to piss off in a tone of voice emanating the words 'I have the power'. So I watched through the glass while it rained on my head but a nice person came along with a big umbrella, and I was sheltered. The concert itself was completely ruined by the fans themselves. Brett Anderson was such a great performer and the purple + white lights were cool. But 3/10 of the crowd wore really expensive outfits and stood there like mannequins.



Sky Dreams

Oceans down below me
The clouds are all around me
The sky is all connected
to the feelings deep inside
me.

Tomorrow comes with these
wings
Something new tomorrow
brings
And yesterday is done
and over.

... Some of them were
happy ones...

Nothing dreams.

Where am I?
Where is this?
Mommy?
Daddy?

I'm alone in the dark!
They've all left me?
Maybe...

... Maybe if I'd been
a little better
Maybe if I'd been
a little brighter...

... They would have
stayed to save me.



Where are the monsters?
They're gonna get
me, I know it.

Everything is nothing

Everything is nothing

Everything is... nothing.

I'm alone with my thoughts.
There's nowhere to hide!
Don't look at me.

DON'T LOOK AT ME!

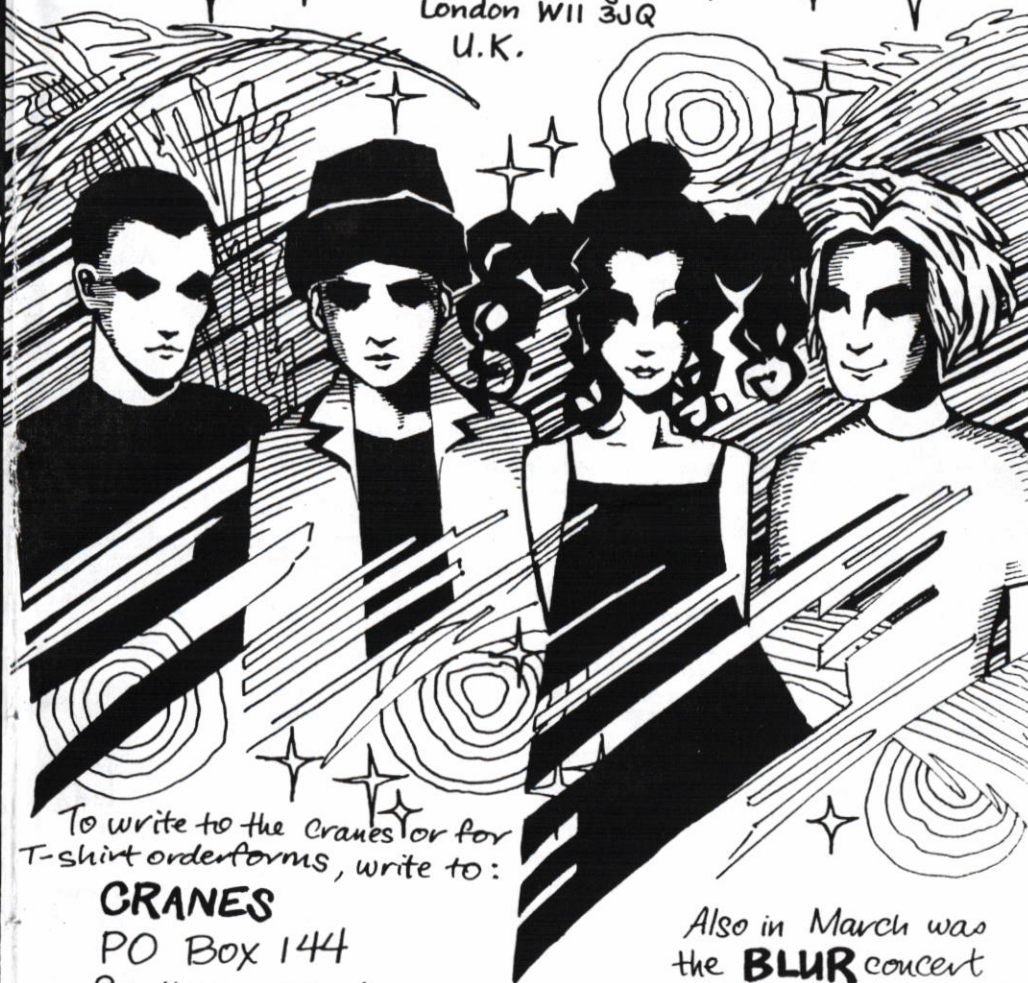
... Some of them
were crappy ones...

if I remember correctly. One song in particular that stood out was "Starblood" off "Wings of Joy". I don't want to give you unnaturally high expectations with my review but the quality of music they put out is, to me, overwhelming. So, I'll just end this with a quick review on **POPULATION FOUR**. This album, they say, had been recorded out in the country, having a more acoustic feel to it. Eleven songs on it, ranging from dark goth to bright power pop to maybe a bit of folkiness. To mail order back catalogue albums, write for a booklet and an orderform at:

(off the
dedicated)
label

DEDICATED

36 B Notting Hill Gate
London W11 3JQ
U.K.



To write to the cranes or for
T-shirt orderforms, write to:

CRANES

PO Box 144
Southsea, Hants
PO5 2PY
U.K.

Also in March was
the **BLUR** concert
at The Warehouse.
We arrived pretty
late so we didn't →

Hasputina writes such pretty songs. Currently they are Melora

Crager, Julia Kent, and Agnieszka Ryska. They play amplified cello and their album is as elegant as their appearance. I don't remember much about their performance... I couldn't see them that well through the crowd... except that Melora said something funny (which I didn't really hear either) and the crowd laughed. That was right before they played "Howard Hughes" which I think is about a hypochondriac. On the

album they also do a song at the end in... German? I think. Please forgive my ignorance.

The album is one of those that get better the more you listen to it. At first you hear the cello effects that sort of surround you but it all becomes deciphered as you familiarize yourself with the songs. They also do two covers. Melora's voice travels really nicely and it actually reminds me of a cello, the way it can rise up and down, and soar, and even vibrate. The album can probably be found in many places now. Oh yeah, and some really interesting lyrics. *Norman Block*

appears on drums courtesy of SUB POP, LTD.



The **CRANES** are one of my favorite bands. They are Manu Ros, Jim Shaw, Alison Shaw, and Mark Francombe. I've never been so crazy about a band since I first got into the Smashing Pumpkins... and Lush... and Pulp. Their music is pretty dark but bright at the same time. It makes me think of angels, and castles + knights and stuff! It is the closest thing to ethereal, in a gothic way, especially with Alison's echbed, cherubic vocals. But, if you think their albums are good, they're even better live. Going into the concert, I had only "Forever", but they played so well and I was so amazed, that since then I bought "Wings of Joy", "Loved", "Population Four" (their latest LP), the inescapable EP, and the "tomorrow's tears" + "can't get free" singles. In concert, the music sort of came from within you and I could tell that the whole crowd was life-rally stunned. There were three... maybe four... encores

...and some of them weren't dreams at all...



And ⁵⁰ such he b
and soul with
learning to r
dreams his
lowed, growth
inside and out
tried never to
learn lessons of
and father as
dreams had 50
taught them.
of pretty pict
there's somet
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And that's w
aded. And t
other things

50
will
of

My friend Teri knows a lot more about the Canadian indie scene than I. With me it all started with Eric's Trip. I'd heard of them before but I didn't know much about them. Then Teri got Love Tara, among other things, and she told me more. Teri puts out a very informative zine on mostly the indie scene with some pieces of her thoughts and how she is affected by the weather. The waxpaper covers and seen together pages are a nice touch.

Melt the Snow...

Teri Vlassopoulos
17 Mountbatten Rd.
Weston, Ont.
M9P 1Z1 (CANADA)

trade/ 50¢ and a stamp/
\$0.75

issue #1: contains Eric's Trip, Weeping Tile, a response from Jon of Sappy Records
Squirtgun records, zine reviews + addresses.

issue #2: Lots more zine reviews, a cool interview with Michael Feuerstack of Snailhouse + The Wooden Stars, + a response from Tara S'appart

I went to see the Cranes play in March and I was so thoroughly blown away by the quality of their performance. Opening for them were Tuuli and Rasputina.

Tuuli - This is a

cool band from Oakville with, as far as

I know, three members, unless they've found their permanent drummer. Jennie does voice, Shavin does guitar, and Claire does bass. Upon seeing their play, I didn't hear who they were. But judging from their performance they were quite confident and full of energy. After, my friends and I met Shavin and Claire who were a couple of friendly and polite people, which is nice to know. So I bought their demo: Tuuli - refried teens (\$5). 3 songs: "SP5 5million" (which actually sounds full of sunshine), "Refried teens", and "Sharpie". Jennie's voice ranges from warm and sweet to an aggressive sandpaper howl. Both are pulled off quite nicely. With their nice-little-bad-girls feel, their stylish sensibility and character, they have, if I may say so, good potential as an up-and-coming band.

tuuli

1148 pilgrims way
Oakville, ont.

L6M 1H1
CANADA

web page: <http://www.passport.ca/~herehtc/tuuli.html>
email: macisma@pathcom.com

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GEN ADMISSION		
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CKLN / UNIVERSAL		
ALL AGES / R126		
OPERA HOUSE		
735 QUEEN ST. EAST		
TUE MAR 18 1997 DRS 8PM		





Broken Girl - Nora

This is the only 7" I own and I really like it. 3 songs. First side has "The Book Song" & "His Girl/Friend" + you must flip for "Dance Music". Julie Doiron has one of the clearest, purest voices I've ever heard. Complemented with few instruments it has such a personal atmosphere that brings to mind wind blowing through trees. I picked this up at HMV in the indie section long ago but it's no longer there.

Sappy Records
\$5 I think. There are other things to order (Broken Girl CD \$12.99, Orange Glass, Snailhouse + more) so write them.

I have a Moonsadet CD that I always seem to listen to when it's nighttime and I'm sitting thinking in my room. I guess that I want to hear the lyrics when I'm tired because that's when I become more receptive to them. It is what this CD and Chris' voice remind me of: drifting, eyes closed, between sleep and consciousness while the familiar warmth begins to settle. warmth. One of my favorite things about this album is Chris' cover of "Eye in the Sky" (last on the disc) by Alan Parsons Project. I've had this a year now but I still can't get over the feeling produced when I hear him sing this.

he packaging is made of cardboard with some ice drawings in silver and black. 20 songs, mostly acoustic with facts sprinkled in certain places.

Derivative

P.O. Box 42031
Montreal, Que.
H2W 2T3
CANADA

Ask for price because I'm not too sure.



came, body hope and life.

each the heart fol- progressed. But he forget the his mother their torn thoroughly aware. ures: hing ugly aware it's easy em. hen thing's hats when began.

What become him?

Sun rises.



BLOODBOIL

At the moment
it is almost
four in the
morning and,
am still
working on my
zine

This was started last month in a rush of excitement and creativity but all that has diminished somewhat because I've been feeling quite pissed. Actually, I am pretty tired because I have been giving this zine my full attention for a while now, neglecting sleep and such. But sometimes people piss me off so much that I scream in my head and let it echo until it's quiet. It makes me mad that little things about people can make me this angry, but after a while the little things collect to become one big pain in the ass. People can often be very inconsiderate and self-centred. Sometimes they start off nice until things start going their way, and then they begin to revel in ~~self~~ over-confidence. One would think that if you overlooked another's imperfections / waited for them / listened to them / done favors then they'd return it unconditionally. Instead they decay into cockiness and begin acting high almighty. I'm tired of things like pride and confidence because they only ruin what might actually be a nice humble person. Some, in my opinion, deserve a lot more pain + suffering because they are getting too accustomed to getting what they want. Others, that I see, have done a lot of growing but have yet to be rewarded. It sickens me when the brats always have to be the center of attention and actually end up being it. They think that they've got views that are revolutionary but actually they're saying something that ~~should~~ either should go without saying or that is already repeated a million times in the media. People who are that confident are only set in their ways, stuck within their limitations. I'm tired of their sarcasm and attitude, their annoying cheerfulness and brash, haughty actions. Please stop with the practiced lines that only exist to impress. It makes me sick. Please stop acting drunk or stoned. It makes me puke. And please stop acting like you're perfect because it makes my blood boil. Yes, I know I am being extremely judgemental but they ^{my judgements} are mostly based on actions, and my experiences with these people. I guess, though, that I shouldn't judge at all. Is that possible? I'm very human. But I am trying to be a good person, despite my negativity. Anyway I've been babbling on so long now (it is five a.m.). But anger is motivation. A lot of the times it's negative but in this case, hopefully it is motivation in a positive way (in relation to contributing these thoughts to my zine). I just have to learn not to focus on it so much. I'm going to sleep now because I'm writing really slow and my thoughts are slurring. Sincerely, imperfect me.